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By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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HOME NEWS WHILE AWAY.

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James Ends How, "the millionaire hero," is enthusiastically crusading for the establishment throughout the country of a chain of colleges for the poor. His preliminary announcements are not explicit as to the type of colleges he has established. Possibly he has vocational institutions in mind, ones that would teach the hitherto poor to live easier and more luxuriously without working. And what convenient comfort stations the dormitories of such colleges would be for the knights of the road as they trek their way from the Great Lakes to the Gulf or from the Atlantic to the Pacific. And, presumably, Mr. How is also of the opinion that these colleges should be supported and conducted out of the public funds. Loud and hearty cheers from the taxpayers are decidedly in order.

This is primary day, and, as is usually the case, there will be hordes of erstwhile candidates for nomination for this and that office who will awaken on Wednesday morning to a realization of the painfully distressing fact that there are apparently large numbers of good folk who do not vote as they talk, or, perhaps, as they were understood to talk.

Possibly there is this much for which to be thankful. The longest days of the year have been out of the running for some time, and the sun is therefore setting a little earlier than it would if those days were now on the carpet. But the trouble is that it hasn't seemed to cool off very much around here lately even after the sun has gone down.

It's to be wondered if the folk who were so keen to have the backbone of last winter broken are finally satisfied.

Nor will Germany's persistence in endeavoring to blame the beginning of the war on others help her in any way to win it. Neither is the responsibility for bringing on the war a very important or essential question these days. It is rather ancient history and has no bearing at all on the European situation of today. The big question now is as to which side of the European belligerents will end the war and when.

A freight car shortage, and Kansas is said to be threatened with an acute one for the immediate future, is a big bother to many folk and to the financial disadvantage of some of them, but, on the other hand, it usually spells a general prosperity for the country. So there is considerable salve in it for the sore it occasions.

WHY OUR CHILDREN HAVE BAD MANNERS.

The North American child is too often merely the by-product of marriage, writes Alan Sullivan in Harper's Magazine for August, and he continues: "It serves as an outlet for that pride which its parents cannot always reasonably take in themselves. It is petted, cajoled, pampered, over-dressed, and under-disciplined, till there is evolved a strange pygmy for whom the world soon grows banal, who is destitute of the pettiest aspiration of childhood, and who surveys the already anticipated and thoroughly analyzed future with the cold eyes of unattractive knowledge. The world is its foothill. It is smart beyond description. But there is in the forced garden of its life no sheltered bed where may bloom the flowers of graciousness or peace. Of such will be the new aristocracy, and its traditions will be of grandfathers who, by virtue of that fine native-American long-headedness, delivered the goods of their period and were promptly and suitably rewarded. But there will be

few traditions of courtliness, scant reminders that noblesse oblige, and but scattered memories of inherited responsibility. The semipiternal dollar will still dominate. One generation was too busy collecting and the other will be too busy spending. The second generation offers no promise, and the third but little. The fourth will probably open a new and finer cycle.

THE RURAL-SCHOOL TERM.

The lack of equal privileges for the farm boy and the farm girl, as is pointed out by J. L. McBrien, school extension agent of the United States bureau of education, in another of his papers on the rural school problem, as compared with the school privileges provided for the city boy and the city girl, in length of school term, in equalization of the professional supervision, and in the qualification of teachers are injustices that might have to be tolerated in a despotism but are discriminations that should have no place in a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

And the length of the school term is one of the rankest discriminations against the farm boy and farm girl in the nation's public school policy.

To get a clear understanding of this question it is necessary to distinguish between the theoretical or possible rural school term and the actual school term.

By the theoretical or possible rural school term, that is, the time school is legally kept open to all rural pupils who may desire to attend school in any one year.

But by actual school term is meant the actual time, on the average, that all rural pupils enrolled on the school register actually attend school during the year. And the difference is so considerable as to challenge the earnest attention of all state school authorities and educators, and parents also.

In theory, the North Atlantic states have a rural school term of 159.7 days, but in practice, because of the poor average daily attendance, the actual rural school term is less than 120 days.

In theory, in the South Atlantic states it is 119.5 days, but in practice, because of the poor average daily attendance, it is less than 80 days.

In theory, in the south central states, the rural school term is 117.6 days, but in practice, because of poor average daily attendance, it is only 65 days.

In theory, in the north central states, the rural school term is 152.7 days, but in practice, because of the poor average daily attendance, it is only 109 days.

In theory, in the western states, the rural school term is 145 days, but in practice, because of poor average daily attendance, it is only 101.5 days.

It must be remembered, also, that these figures deal only with the average length of the rural school term as based on the enrollment of pupils in rural schools.

No attempt is made to take into consideration the large number of rural pupils who should have been enrolled but who were not because of a lax enforcement of compulsory attendance laws or an entire lack of such laws, or on account of ignorant or selfish parents who keep their children out of school for the purpose of coining their own flesh and blood into a few paltry dollars—or worse still, allow their children to grow up in idleness and ignorance.

EUROPE'S HOUSE OF CARDS.

There is no reason for getting unduly excited over what the powerful nations of Europe are planning to do to American foreign trade after this war of conflict is over, insists the Philadelphia Commercial Museum, and it argues: To plan a campaign is one thing, to carry out that campaign to a successful issue is an entirely different matter. Legislative enactment and international agreement have never been able to overcome for any length of time or on any big scale the economic principles underlying international trade.

It is known that two groups of European nations are planning measures designed to promote and protect their industries and trade, and that each group is planning to stifle the industries and trade of the other group. Both seem bent on inaugurating a war of commerce immediately the war of conflict has come to an end. The warning has gone forth that the measures which these two groups of countries adopt for preferential trade and reciprocal relations among the individual members of the groups will have the effect of cutting off or reducing the sales of American goods in those countries. The further warning has gone forth that, through joint control of their transportation and banking services, each of these two groups will aim to strangle the growing business of the United States in developing in neutral markets the world over.

As planned, this is a formidable structure, and offers some excuse for getting wrought up about the future of the foreign trade of the country. But it is becoming more apparent that the majority of the solid business men of America simply refuse to become frightened by the outlook. Notwithstanding the agreements that are being entered into across the sea, and the dire warnings, almost entirely from this side, of their effect on the country's trade, it is hard to look upon this structure so carefully planned as anything more than an imposing house of cards.

There is no necessity for a minute analysis of the reasons for this belief. It may be pointed out, however, that the nations of Europe now at war and the United States are the biggest trad-

ing nations, whose business with each other is far more extensive than with any other single nation or group of nations. This being the case, what is the sense of these nations making the goods as they have done of old if they are to be prevented from selling them in the markets of old, and no other country or countries offer an outlet for like quantities and qualities? Moreover, if they cannot sell their products, how are they going to be able to buy? Every act that has for its purpose limiting the sales field of a given country strikes, at the same time, at the root of the buying capacity of that country. Are the nations of Europe going to adopt measures, or, if adopted, persist in them, when such measures can lead only to industrial suicide?

It is an established economic principle that in international bargaining the nation possessing the greatest surplus of foodstuffs and raw materials holds the upper hand. England, Germany, France and every other one of the big commercial powers of Europe is largely dependent upon American foodstuffs and American raw materials of every kind—of the land, mine and forest. When times for the final decision comes, this factor alone will serve to deter these nations from entering into any agreements or taking individual action unreasonably discriminatory against American products or American interests.

The United States has no reason to fear the effect upon its foreign trade of the measures now being considered by the European countries, if it refuses to allow such discussions to lead it into ill-advised or premature action.

JOURNAL ENTRIES

A man known to have heart trouble is at least free from the visits of insurance agents.

As a matter of fact, the average man is as poor at keeping a secret as the average woman.

Another rule seems to be that the women with attractive voices have unattractive faces.

Some people who have refused to take "No" for an answer probably often wish they had.

Almost every man, unless he be extremely old, honestly believes that he will make a fortune some day.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

A hunt has been begun by the Toronto Republican for the old-fashioned man who contemptuously referred to soda water as "sweetened wind."

To get all that is coming to him out of the hot weather, suggests the Lansing News, the person who enjoys being miserable should carry a pocket thermometer.

The friends of a certain Lawrence man, who has failed several times in his efforts to obtain a nomination for office, say according to the Lawrence Journal-World, that the only ticket he ever succeeded in getting his name on came from the laundry.

Whatever you do, righteously advises the Augusta Eagle, never set yourself up for a critic. We don't mean a newspaper critic, but one in private life, in the domestic circle of society, or you are never pleased with any one or any thing, no one will be pleased with you.

Even a wooden-leg is not without its advantages. Gomer Davies of the Londoner says. "I have attended a picnic recently, in rejoicing and making merry at the expense of his fellow penicillers because he only has to scratch and die out the chiggers on one leg. 'We feel sorry,' says Gomer, in one of those outbursts of fine sympathy for which he is so famous. 'If you scratch and die out the scratch or chiggers on two real legs.'

GLOBE SIGHTS

[From the Atchison Globe.] Sometimes the rising generation doesn't rise very high.

If a popular idol lives long enough he is likely to get over it.

Investigation sometimes reveals that the friends of a man who scorns everything is referred to as a genius.

The most successful grafter is the one who brags on your good judgment.

The Indian had executive ability to the extent of letting the women do the work.

A lot of church pillars don't attend church while they are away on their vacations.

As a woman grows older, she isn't interested in heroes so much as she is in good providers.

A stolen kiss doesn't amount to much unless the party of the second part is also implicated.

A hay fever patient devotes very little time to worrying for fear an early frost will nip the hay.

A woman would like to have clothes enough so that she could change them as often as she changes her mind.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.] If wishes were automobiles, gasoline wouldn't cost so much.

The man who makes money his god will find there's the devil to pay.

I don't know what that will respond to the spur of the moment.

When we say that a man is well balanced, we mean that he isn't easily upset.

ON SPUR OF THE MOMENT

By ROY K. MOULTON.

Let the Scientists Go Bang. The scientists inform us that there's danger lurking in the air.

They're confusing a kissing gauge that's to be worn by every miss. The gauge will keep the microbes from the spread of William Tibbits' love.

For kissing microbes, so they say, will bring a feller just like me. Though I have tried a lot, I've yet to see the feller old or young.

Who walks my toes on the earth who wouldn't just as soon be stung.

Them old professors don't seem able to give other folks a rest. They're talking up some scheme to knock Dan Cupid galley west.

Why don't they lead to their own busts? They're a kissing gauge, I say. Instead of spilling all our fun by busting their new kissing gauge.

If my friend the village used, does mix up microbes with romance.

They're talking screen—a good sport always takes a chance.

The Hickeyville Clarion.

Constantly the Hickeyville Clarion, sleuth, had his pocket picked the last time he was over to West Hickeyville, and says he has got a good clew in the case.

A rickety worth of Mule Ear Twist, a bone collar button, the key to the jail and 15 cents in real money.

Ike Butts is takin' the fresh air cure and is sleepin' in the corner. There ain't nothin' but a cold in his head, but there probably will be if he keeps up the treatment long enough.

Abe Renfrew's wife has quit him and now he is liable to be pinched for havin' no visible means of support.

There is some talk of startin' a movin' picture show in our midst and the drama is lookin' up considerable. There hasn't been a show since the magic lantern lecture on the Catacombs of Rome by some stranger from away.

Tibbits' refused to go, sayin' it must be a fake, as nobody ever combed a cat. Smokin' and chewin' has been forbidden in the school house during service and Hank Purdy says this reform wave which is sweepin' over the country is certainly fierce and personal liberty is gettin' to be a dead letter.

Old man Purdy sat down on a spool of barbed wire in front of Tibbits' store without lookin' up. Purdy never could see the fine points of a thing.

Eben Hand broke up the James Huggitt funeral last Thursday by sufferin' an attack of St. Vitus dance. There is place to dance, but it ain't at a funeral.

Grandma Whipple is failin' fast. She was only able to stand across Monday. She has got the gol digest longevity in this vicinity for an invalid and Amos Butts is thinkin' of sellin' his beard.

Impossible Things. To make a planolia play as well at home as it did in the store.

To get in the last word with a life insurance agent.

To keep a woman from writing on both sides of the paper.

To get the button in a white vest without breaking one of the commandments.

To look dressed up when you have a ready-tied four-in-hand on.

To understand the telephone conversation of a stenographer who is checking sum.

To refrain from turning to the sporting page of a newspaper first.

To get a theater seat that suits, even if it is the one you asked for.

Cheer Up, Brother. Every now and then Tom Bodine of the Paris (Mo.) Enquirer for a he's an apostle of "Sunshine Street" and lapses into rankest pessimism.

In this manner does he spill the bluing. "June is the best time of the year, but it's met at the threshold of Arcady, hustled into a gasoline wagon and forced to go by the following line aside her witching draperies and donned a dirty linen cravatette and a snaky can of hair cream.

So she woke with a start, and her ambrosia beer. Clearly the old order changeth. Cheer up, Tom. Things may take a turn.

SIDE TALKS

By RUTH CAMERON.

The Compromise Habit. "Compromise is but the sacrifice of one right or good in the hope of retaining another, too often ending in the loss of both."—Edwards.

A woman whom I could not place bowed to me in the car the other day. That is, I thought she was bowing to me, but she was bowing to some one beyond me.

If she were bowing to me, I presumed she was a fool, one who knew me and whom I ought to know. I am one of those unhappy people who are constantly in hot water because they cannot remember either names or faces.

But then again, she might be the one who was making a mistake. I am also one of those people who are always being told, "You look just like my cousin," or "You're the image of a woman who used to go to school with me."

The inconsequence of the above paragraph is a good representation of my uncertain state of mind in the instant that followed the bow. What a lot one can think of in an instant! It reminds one of the old problem, "How many angels can stand on the point of a needle?"

Eventually, actually inside half a jiffy, I bowed back, a half-hearted, uncertain bow.

And thereby hangs my tale. For immediately after I had done it, I realized I had done it wrong. I had bowed to the wrong person.

Diagrams. Britannia, mourn, Khartum is dead. And he who ruled the desert tribesman as his kin.

Thy soul succumbed and thy greatest son, Mourn, British waves, for him—Khartum is dead!

How firmly did he weld the hearts of all to his line. Though stern in execution and of purpose great.

Not his the boast and challenge; him await The deathless kisses Fate bestows; her shining arms were his.

And place him in thy hall of state, in person and in power. About his head the helmet close, put in his hand a sword.

And let the music of his life be like a single chord. For his the triumph which is won of undivided will.

About him let the temple fill with those who mourn for him. And let a nation's grief be heard, amid its joy to him.

Then crown him with a cypress wreath as bright as human tears. For with the tribute of your lives you breathe the hope of him.

—Catherine Lee Mills in New York Tribune.

EVENING STORY

(By Kiehl Kenyon.)

Susy opened and closed her fan impatiently while Bob went on pleading: "You used to care, Sue. I'm positive you did. At least you were awfully nice to me, and at the Washington ball you said I was a bit better. I took six dances. It's all I can do now to get one."

"Bob, you're greedy! Just because it happened that you got more than your share of dances once you expect the same thing forever. Can't you see it's impossible? About twice a week I have asked me for dances tonight. Count it up yourself. How can I give every one of them six?"

"You are begging the question, Sue. If one must use plain English, here goes: You know I love you. I told you so two months ago, and you promised to answer my question in a week. That was the week Bert Ewing came, and you scarcely looked my way once while he was here. I guess you forgot my question in a week."

What is it to be—yes or no, Sue? It was the music of the orchestra floated out to them through open doors and windows. Above, a moon almost full, the stars twinkled in the velvet world of lilacs, hyacinths and tulips. The girl and the man wandered down the gravel path until they came to the gate. It was hard even to pretend impatience on such a night, in such a garden, with the distant strains of music in the air.

She temporized. "Suppose it's no." "It's just about what I expected!" blithely.

It was the spark needed to send the tinder into flame.

"You're jealous—that's what you are, and I'm sure it would be any thing but jealousy. I'm glad of it. The rest of my days with you. So I'll say no since you're so anxious to hear it. And please remember that that means I have a right now to be nice to whomever I please—Bert Ewing or any one else."

Bob made no answer. The music had stopped and the return to the house was made in silence.

Susy convinced herself that she had said the right thing in refusing Bob. "If I had said yes to him tonight, that would have meant slavery for the rest of my days. He would never let me go. With any delay, or talk of walks, or go motoring with any one but him. And after we were married he'd look me up for fear of another person looking at me."

But that night, after she got into bed, somehow things looked different. "I had said yes to him tonight, that would have meant slavery for the rest of my days. He would never let me go. With any delay, or talk of walks, or go motoring with any one but him. And after we were married he'd look me up for fear of another person looking at me."

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TWO YEARS AGO TODAY

Interviews with Citizens About the Austro-Serbian Crisis.

(Copyright, 1916, By John T. McCutcheon.)



"No, I do not anticipate anything serious. Perhaps a few days of extreme tension and then the difficulty will be adjusted. As for a general European war, the idea is preposterous—unthinkable. No nation could afford to consider it for an instant. It would upset the whole world!"



"It means war—on a scale never before dreamed of. Austria has bullied Serbia to the limit of endurance. She robbed her of part of the fruits of the last Balkan war. She bluffed her out of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and if she gets away with this bluff the influence of Russia in the Balkans won't be worth four cents. Russia can't permit Austria to succeed in this new attack on Serbian Slavism and Serbian sovereignty. If Austria fights Serbia Russia will fight Austria. And then the whole continent will be involved."



"Ha! ha! ha! A European war! I've been reading about that great European war ever since I can remember. We're always in the sensational newspapers and magazines. But, take it from me, there won't be any European war—not yet awhile, anyway. It won't come till Franz Joseph dies, and even then I don't believe it will."

ghetti cooked and drained; one can chopped nuts, one-half cup sugar, one egg. Sift well together ingredients, reserving a little flour. Add egg well beaten, add milk, beating mixture thoroughly. Sift flour over chopped nuts and stir into mixture. Place in a greased bread pan. Bake in moderate oven forty-five minutes to one hour. Chopped raisins, dates or figs may be substituted for nuts.

Philadelphia Jumbles—Two cups sugar, one cup butter, eight eggs beaten, light cream, one pound almond; enough flour to enable you to roll them out. Stir the sugar and butter to a light cream, then add the well-whipped eggs, the flour and flour; mix well together, roll out in a sheet one-fourth inch thick; cut into rings and bake in a quick oven on buttered tins.

BED TIME TALES